The Evening World.

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HIS OLD FORM.

THAT portion of the Colonel's Kansas City speech which dealt with big business contained some fine specimens of the old time Roosevelt "balance":

"The great business men," declared the Colonel, "must recognize more and more that there must be full and frank co-operation between them and the Government to secure the public welfare. On the part of the Government this co-operation must be given with the sincere desire to increase the efficiency of our industrial organization, not to hamper it, and with full recognition of the fact that much of modern industry must be carried on by great industrial units. The aim of the Government should be not to destroy those units, while encouraging them to regulate them in the interests of the people as a whole.

"At the same time the big business man must with equal frankness recognize the fact that his business activities, while beneficial to himself and his associates, must also justify themselves by being beneficial to the men who work for him and to the public which he serves."

Of course the Colonel knows his country and its laws too well to think that trusts would dare to exist to-day. All such long since turned themselves into "great industrial units" worthy of any statesman's interest and respect.

These "great industrial units" have their obligations. At the same time the Government must be careful not to hurt them. The Government has to look out for the public welfare. On the other hand, the "great industrial units" must earn profits. Big business needs the country. But the country can't get along without big business.

No living man can do these balancing acts better than the Colonel. The trusts, if they were alive, would appreciate them. Will the "great industrial units" fall for them too?

MORE PLAY STREETS NEEDED.

FOR the next three months the streets in crowded sections of New York will swarm with children trying to get as much out-of-door life as the city affords.

For two-thirds of these youngsters there are no recreational facilities, no playgrounds where they can be safe from the constant perils of traffic.

Two years ago The Evening World started a campaign for more playgrounds and "play streets"—streets to be closed to traffic and given over to children during certain hours of the day. Last year some thirty streets were thus reserved and many vacant plots were made into play areas.

Result: A marked decrease last summer in the number of children killed or maimed by the wheels of automobiles and horse-drawn vehicles.

Police Commissioner Woods, who has become actively interested in playground protection for youngsters, reports that this season there are 167 streets which could be closed during stated hours each day and used as play streets.

All that is needed is money to pay for attendants and supervision.

The Parks and Playgrounds Association is trying to raise $5,000 before July 1 in order to open up more streets and vacant lots for play spaces.

Who'll help to safeguard children whose out-of-door life in hot weather must be chiefly spent on the city's pavements?

WORD FROM SHACKLETON.

SIR ERNEST SHACKLETON'S message to The World from Port Stanley in the Falkland Islands brings the welcome news that his party is not lost despite the failure of the relief expedition which started from New Zealand toward the close of 1914.

Shackleton's ship, the Endurance, was crushed in the ice last October and he and his men drifted with the ice for more than five months until they landed on Elephant Island. These twenty-two men were left living in a hole in the ice cliffs "in urgent need of rescue," while Shackleton, with four others, sailed away for help in a twenty-two foot open boat across a thousand miles of desolate ocean.

The incredible patience, the vast distances, the long lapses of time, are what always impress one in explorations inside the polar circles. Months of imprisoned drifting, months more ashore waiting for ice to break, the utter impossibility of steaming in straight lines or making dates with anything less than a year's leeway—all these things are inevitable in trackless polar seas.

The cable from Shackleton is as that of a man who had stepped off the world for fifteen months. Even though he failed to land on the South Polar Continent he hoped to cross, the full story of his experiences is sure to prove a thrilling record of adventure and endurance.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Some men just naturally feel bad, while others look that way because their wives have asked them to bring home a few things for supper.

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The man or woman who complains much of being misunderstood has little to offer to the understanding.—Albany Journal.

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A fellow never realizes how many close friends he has until he wants to make a slight touch.

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One of the things a woman can't understand is why a fool man never can learn how to hold the baby properly.—Columbia State.

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Don't ridicule other people's ideas. Try to have them adopt yours.

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Some people fail to practice what they preach, because they need the money.—Omaha World-Herald.

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When a man clamors for personal liberty he usually desires to infringe on some one's rights.—Nashville Banner.

Letters From the People

Monday Holidays.

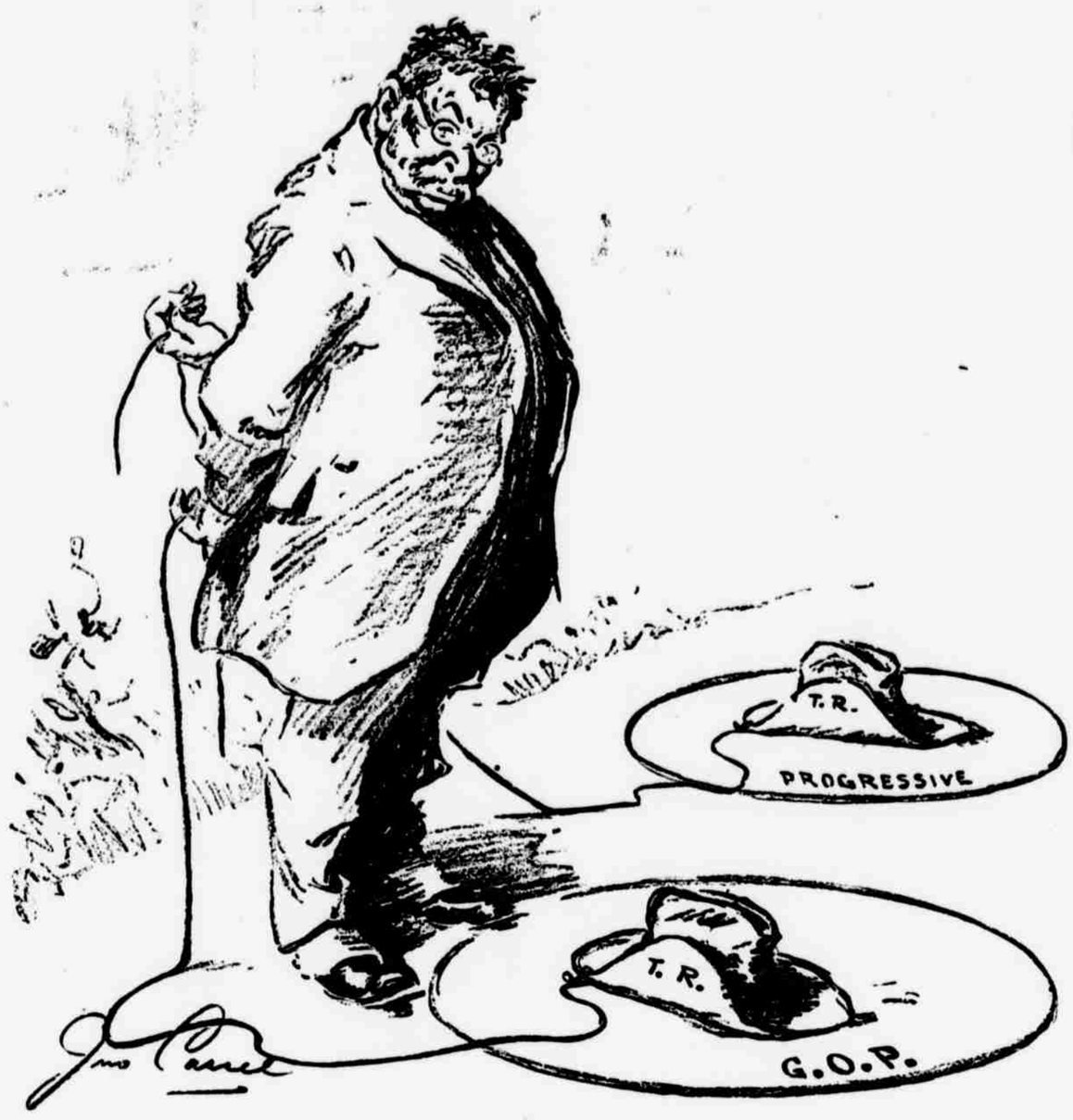
To the Editor of The Evening World:

Just a few words on the subject of the celebration of holidays. The opinion frequently expressed that it would be very advisable, convenient and salutary to celebrate holidays on Monday has my most hearty and enthusiastic approval. Needless to say, the benefits derived from such a change would be limitless and invaluable. This applies especially to the working classes, who, forced by inexorable necessity to toil persistently to obtain subsistence, would welcome with unbounded joy an occasional week-end vacation of about three days, which time they could spend in the open and regain part of their vitality lost by unremitting labor in a congested city.

J. G.

"My Hat's in the Ring!"

By J. H. Cassel



Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

— By Bide Dudley —

ELLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE, the poetess with a heart and a soul, presided at a meeting of the Delhi Sons and Daughters of Civic Progress and Patriotism, held in Hugus Hall on Decoration Day. It was expected that the poetess would furnish a surprise or two since she always endeavors to be "different," no matter what the occasion be. Miss Doolittle did not disappoint the large audience. She introduced the principal speaker of the day, Mayor Cyrus Perkins Walker, with a neatly worded rhyme from her own pen, and it proved the delight of the whole affair.

After the Young Men's Chorus, led by P. Silas Pettibone, the tonsorial artist, had sung a stirring song entitled "March to the Front and Shoot the Enemy," Miss Doolittle arose and spoke as follows:

Mayor Walker, our honored guest,
He is to make a speech;
Let us hope he does his best
Patriotism to teach.
He is a very wise and good man,
Full of joy and vim;
On unnecessary noise let's tie a can
And give attention to him.

The audience applauded with great gusto and all were pleased. The Mayor arose and bowed. First he addressed the poetess.

"I thank you for the fine poem, Miss Doolittle," he said. "My greatest hope is that I may be able to live up to its wisdom."

"Speech!" yelled Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien.

Miss Doolittle rapped for order and O'Brien, who was with his wife, gave her a mild push in the face. Mayor Walker then addressed the audience as follows:

"Let the fire-crackers explode! Shoot off the Roman candles and a few skyrockets! This is the day for such things and we are proud. I have never"——

"You got the wrong holiday, ain't you?" asked a voice coming from the rear of the hall.

The Mayor frowned slightly, but paid no attention to the question.

"We are gathered here," he continued, "to show our patriotism. Get in the game, I say, and shoot"——

"All right!" said the same voice. "I'll shoot a nickel."

The Mayor was slightly exasperated. "My friend," he said, "what do you mean by saying you'll shoot a nickel. This is no crap game. If you want to shoot craps go out in the alley behind Groogan's saloon. Let us all be patriotic when"——

"So you know where to find it, eh?" asked the voice.

The Mayor merely frowned. "I cannot tell you how patriotic I feel," he said. "I can hardly make the words come"——

"Last night at Groogan's you couldn't talk at all," the voice chimed in.

"Who is speaking?" demanded Mayor Walker.

"Hod Prickley," replied Constable Pelee Brown.

"What's wrong with him?"

"Same thing!"

"Ladies and gentlemen," said the Mayor, firmly, "I came here to bury Cæsar, not to praise him, and I find Hod Prickley pickled and in a talkative mood. I hope you will realize that an orator cannot talk with a full flow of soul if he is to be interrupted. I'll try once more. I feel patriotic. I am full"——

"I thought so!" said the voice.

At that point Miss Doolittle held up one hand and recited as follows:

Do not interrupt, Friend Hod;
Be a quiet listener, please;
The Mayor has nice talk to make,
So be quiet and listen in glee.

Thunderous applause followed. The Mayor turned and bowed to Miss Doolittle. It was a graceful thing to do.

"Punk!" sang out Prickley.

It was the last straw. Mayor Walker ordered Constable Brown to eject Prickley. A fight followed, in which the constable was knocked down four times, but he subdued his man by lying flat on his back and holding Prickley on top of him. The meeting broke up because some of the men began to bet on the outcome of the fight. The whole town is talking. There is much indignation.

Speaking too much is a sign of vanity, for he that is lavish in words is apt to be niggard in deeds.—RALEIGH.

The Jarr Family

— By Roy L. McCardell —

WHEN Mr. Jarr came home the other evening Mrs. Jarr informed Mr. Jarr that a newly married couple had moved into the flat below. "Do you know I believe it's a hoodoo flat, and that's the reason that I won't move into it?" she said.

"I didn't know you were going to move into it," replied Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, I was only thinking about it," she said. "And, although I'm not a bit superstitious, not a bit—except, of course, about spilling salt at the table or walking under a ladder or crossing a funeral—I would have moved in there, but that I believed it was unlucky."

"I can't see where you would have gained anything," replied Mr. Jarr, "being a floor lower down isn't any great help. The rent is higher than this flat, I understand, and it isn't as light as this one. There is no more room to it, it's no more modern and has no more improvements. Why move into another flat in the same house? When you do move, move good and proper further uptown, where you can get a flat big and bright and with all modern improvements, including elevator, for less money than we pay here."

"I'd like to see myself move away up there away from all my friends just to please you!" said Mrs. Jarr.

"What did you want to move downstairs for?" asked Mr. Jarr. "That's what I can't understand!"

"Simply because I can't get our landlord to do a thing for us," replied Mrs. Jarr. "The woodwork of the flat needs painting, the parlor and bedrooms and dining room need redecorating."

"Well, if the landlord won't paper and paint for us in this flat how could you make him do it in the flat below?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"He has to paint and paper the flat below and make it look nice or he can't rent it," replied Mrs. Jarr. "But, as he told me himself, so many families had moved out of that flat on the floor below and he had to decorate it so many times that he couldn't afford to do anything for the other people in the house."

"Why didn't you threaten to move if he didn't paint and paper for us?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, I did, but he's used to that," replied Mrs. Jarr. "He's been a landlord a long time, and he knows painting and papering for old tenants don't make them stay; and, anyway, to do any redecorating in an occupied flat would set a bad example and all the other tenants would want it done. So he does like every other landlord—nothing for the old tenants that stay and everything for the new tenants that come. And he gives the new ones a month's rent free besides, and so I was thinking"——

"The thing to have done," said Mr. Jarr, with a grin, "was to move out of this flat into the flat downstairs, get a month's free rent, and then, after the landlord had repainted and repapered this flat, moved back here and gotten a month's rent free in the old home."

"I never thought of that!" remarked Mrs. Jarr. "But, as I said, that flat downstairs is unlucky, because most everybody that moves in it can't pay their rent and have to move away. A lady that lived there and moved to Ninety-first Street burned herself very badly while cleaning some feathers with gasoline and everybody said it was because the flat downstairs was a hoodoo."

"But she didn't burn herself while she lived downstairs?" ventured Mr. Jarr.

"What has that to do with it?" replied Mrs. Jarr. "The bad luck followed her, so I don't want to move in that flat because I'd be afraid to move out of it!"

Making a Hit

By Alma Woodward

With Father.

SCENE: The Greens' dining-room at 6.30 P. M. (The inviting aroma of clam chowder prevails. Mr. Green, fresh from his post-business ablutions, seats himself at the table, in keen anticipation.)

MRS. G. (gazing at the vacant chair)—Where's Freddie?

Mr. G. (calling) — Freddie! Come to dinner! Your soup's getting cold!

(Freddie, looking as though he has had a fleeting session with a curry comb, enters blithely.)

Mrs. G. (smiling fondly) — Well! Well! What a well-groomed little boy we have here, to be sure! Sit down, dear, and take your soup. I know you don't like it, but Delia has picked out all the tomatoes, and, anyway, we're going to have strawberry shortcake for dessert. So keep thinking of that.

Mr. G. (looking up suddenly) — I don't approve of that method. It resembles bribery. The boy ought to take his soup for three reasons only—one, because it is nourishing; two, because a child should eat anything that's placed in front of him, and, three, because you tell him to.

Mrs. G. (tucking the napkin under Freddie's chin) — I suppose you always ate things because they were nourishing when you were eight years old? Oh, if I had only known your mother to find out a few things!

Mr. G. (ignoring the challenge)—Freddie, let me see your hands close up.

Mrs. G. (coming to the rescue)—He washed. I heard him myself. And look how neat his hair is!

Mr. G. (unsympathetically) — Yes, Freddie always looks polished in spots. But when you start any research work on him you discover buried cities and things. Show me your hands, Freddie.

(Freddie extends his digits, not boldly and distinctly, but all crumpled and grubby. There are suspicious darkenings around the knuckles and under the nails.)

Mrs. G. (hurriedly) — Did you get your hands all black and blue playing baseball, darling?

Mr. G. (sarcastically) — Why the color combination? He got them all black playing baseball. Didn't I tell you never to come to dinner without scrubbing your hands with the brush, Frederick? Go, do it immediately. I should think you'd have an innate sense of cleanliness that——

Mrs. G. (as Freddie disappears)—I suppose you had "an innate sense of cleanliness" when you were eight years old! Oh! If I could just have talked to your mother once — just once!

Mr. G. (oblivious to the reiteration) —I was thorough. That is one thing that Freddie will never be—and that's the one thing that leads a man to success. It's what is cultivated by—

Mrs. G. (her goat thoroughly aroused)—Say, you should have been a political speaker, or a preacher, or the president of a college—you just love to drift on and on in conversation without really saying anything. Freddie IS thorough. He may forget. But when he is told to do a thing explicitly, he does it. Freddie is thorough!

Freddie (plaintively, from the bathroom)—Mamma, do I got to wash my wrists, too?

The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

HIS DUTY. By Octave Thanet.

AMOS WICKLIFF, Iowa Sheriff and peerless in his trade of man-hunter, was the only official with cleverness enough to pick up Dave Harned's well blurred trail and to track him westward to the very frontier of civilization.

Harned was a little travelling photographer. In self-defense he had killed a drunken giant who was beating him. He could not prove the self-defense, and the deed had a look of cold-blooded murder. So he fled.

The dead man's mother offered $5,000 reward for the capture of her son's slayer. And Amos Wickliff began his search for Harned and for the reward.

He did not find his man for five years. Then he located him in the Far West settlement.

Harned had married happily and had one or two pretty children, and was making a good living by photography and by farming. He was much beloved by his neighbors, especially since saving a fellow settler's child from drowning.

Harned at once recognized his pursuer when Wickliff strode into the farm house. He knew too that Wickliff's iron sense of duty would put bribery or persuasion out of the question.

Tracked Down.

All he begged was that the Sheriff should not tell Mrs. Harned that her husband was a homicide, but should leave it to Harned himself to break the news to her. Wickliff agreed to this, and as the day was far spent permitted the prisoner to wait until next morning before starting back for Iowa.

Their talk was interrupted by a neighbor who galloped past, screaming that a band of hostile Indians had escaped from the reservation and were bearing down upon the settlement.

Instantly Wickliff took command. Ordering his host to place a big jug of whiskey and some glasses on the sitting room table, he sent Harned and the women and children into an adjoining inner room.

When the Indians broke into the house they found Wickliff alone in the sitting room, sprawling beside a whiskey laden table and apparently very drunk.

He hailed them in tipsy welcome, bidding them drink with him and assuring them he knew where there was plenty more whiskey when that jug should be empty. Harned, listening, realized they would not kill Wickliff until they had drunk all the whiskey he could find for them.

Presently the savages had drained the jug and commanded the Sheriff to get another. He reeled toward the inner room as if to obey.

Then darting across the threshold he barred the door behind him. The Indians with whoops of fury rushed at the door, thundering against its thick panels.

"They're dying in there and dying fast!" muttered Wickliff, as he and Harned prepared to guard the quivering door.

The hinges were smashed and the Indians poured into the room. Wickliff emptied his revolver into the charging mass. Harned, with a hatchet, smote fiercely at each foe that pressed over the doorsill toward him.

Suddenly the onslaught ceased. Both rooms were full of dead and dying Indians. Harned looked at Wickliff in amazed inquiry.

"How did you do it?" he demanded.

"Doped the whiskey," answered the Sheriff. "Cyanide of potassium from your photographic drugs. Even if they'd killed you and me it would have worked before they could get the women and children."

A Fighting Chance.

To an unasked question in Harned's eyes, Wickliff went on, scowling fretfully:

"I'll have to leave you now. I know my duty. I never went back on it before. But after fighting together like we have I'm not up to any Roman soldier business. I—I guess duty's a cursed blind trail."

With a curt nod of goodby, he stalked out of the house and set forth upon his return journey to Iowa—empty-handed.

It is not posterity, but your actions, that will perpetuate your memory.—BONAPARTE.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

CHAPTER XXI.

AUG. 15.—Ned and I had a party to-day—what I call a two-party—just ourselves.

It was a glorious morning, and not so warm as to make moving about a disagreeable task. At a late breakfast Ned looked up suddenly, with one of his quick smiles.

"Nobody's dying in my bailiwick," he said. "Let's run away together. I'll duck the office and we'll go some place on a boat, some place that's not fashionable. Let's take some sandwiches."

"And let's go to Fern Island." I volunteered happily. For that quiet, unspectacular spot, with its amusing architecture and statues, its beautiful trees and flowers, had been a favorite one-day trip of mine since I was a little girl. Ned remembered it, too, and readily fell in with my suggestion.

When we reached the island we walked up and across its shady slopes, delighting in the cool greenness of it all. We had a waltz and a one-step in the quiet open-air dancing room. I dared Ned to go on the merry-go-round, almost the only festivity in sight that seemed to be doing a rush business, but he said there were some things a rising young physician owed to his dignity even on a day off. We paid a visit to the Swiss yodellers, however.

Then we wandered on, beyond the amusement reservation, into a field that was just the country, a field with a boundary fence overgrown with bushes and shaded by young trees. We sat down in the shade to eat our sandwiches and drink the coffee Ned had brought in his travelling flask, the cover of which made a cup we shared between us.

By imperceptible degrees our talk became more serious. And finally Ned spoke of something he had never mentioned before, even in the days of our courtship. He told me what is his supreme ambition. And it is a wonderful thing!

Rather timidly I asked him how his book was getting on. I hadn't mentioned it since the time, nearly a month earlier, when I had learned of it by chance from his office assistant, Miss Duryea, and he had refused, almost with annoyance, my offer to be his secretary.

To-day he seemed pleased at my interest.

"I'm working it out," he declared confidently. "It's half written now, but I have more material to collect. When it's done"—his voice trailed off and his eyes stared thoughtfully at the Sound, which he was facing stretched at full length on the grass, his chin propped in his hands.

"It's just this," he said tensely. "I don't want to spend my life pandering to the whims of a lot of lazy, hysterical, overimaginative society women. I treat them and we dine with them, but I haven't any illusions about the real worth of the work I do for them. They're simply a prop I can't afford to throw away—just now.

"What I want to do is to put an end to the most fiendish suffering in the world, the tortures of the drug fiends. My book is, so far, an analysis of their mental and physical pain, but before I get through I shall suggest an absolutely new treatment I am certain, so far as a man by manly can be, that I am on the right track."

"Ned, what a splendid dream!" I breathed. And in one flooding instant I forgot—I think for always—what I had feared was my husband's snobbery and professional jealousy. He is a really big person—I will never doubt it again.

(To Be Continued.)

Facts Not Worth Knowing

By Arthur Baer

NATURALLY a girl shrinks from the water, because her bathing suit will too.

A Kansas genius has invented an end seat trolley car for end seat hogs. It is just one hog wide and fifty long.

About 17 2-3 out of 18 6-8 shopgirls are chewing gum experts.

A Wampusville philanthropist has thrown his magnificent estate open and will permit the public to use all the nuts they can catch.

By giving all the boys new Sunday shoes a Goodtown man has made 'em happy and furnished the village with music at the same time.

It would require great dexterity and practice to eat hard boiled eggs through a straw.

The joke about putting a chameleon on a Scotch plaid originated in 1267.